Perhaps ſhee culd it from among the reſt.
Titus. Soft ſo buſilie ſhe turnes the leaues,
Help her, what would ſhe finde? *Lauinia* ſhall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus* treaſon and his rape,
And rape I feare, was roote of thy annoie,
Marcus. See brother ſee, note how ſhe coats the leaues,
Titus. *Lauinia* wert thou thus ſurpriz'd ſweet gyrle?
Rauiſht and wrongd as *Philomela* was,
Frocd in the ruthleſſe Vaſt and gloomie woods;
See, ſee, I ſuch a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there,)
Patternd by that the Poet here deſcribes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes,
Mar. O why ſhould nature build ſo fowle a den,
Vnleſſe the Gods delight in Tragedies, (friends,
Titus. Giue ſignes ſweet gyrle, for here are none but
VVhat Romaine Lord it was durſt doe the deed?
Or ſlonke not *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erſt,
That left the Campe to ſinne in *Lucrece* bed
Marc. Sit downe ſweet Neece, brother ſit downe by me,
Appollo, *Pallas*, *Ioue* or *Mercurie*,
Inſpire me that I may this treaſon finde,
My Lord looke here, looke here *Lauinia*,

He writes his name with his ſtaffe and guides it with feete and mouth.

This ſandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canſt
This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curſt be that hart that forced vs to this ſhift:
VVrite thou good Neece, and here diſplay at laſt,
VVhat God will haue diſcouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy ſorrowes plaine,

That

That we may know the
Shee takes the ſtaffe in ſtu
Oh doe yee read my L
Stuprum, *Chiron*, *Dim*
Marcus. What, wha
Performers of this hay
Titus. *Magni Domi*
Tam lentus audis ſceler
Marcus. Oh calme
There is enough writt
To ſtir a mutinie in th
And arme the mindes
My Lord kneele down
And kneele ſweet boy
And ſweare with me a
And father of that cha
Lord *Iunius Brutus* ſw
That we will proſecut
Mortall reuenge vpon
And ſee their blood
Titus. Tis ſure enou
But if you hunt theſe B
The Dam will wake a
Shee's with the Lion d
And luls him whilſt ſh
And when he ſleepes,
You are a young hunt
And come I will goe g
And with a gad of ſtee
And lay it by: the ang
Will blow theſe ſands
And wheres our leſſo
Puer. I ſay my Lor